



SATURDAY JULY 9, 1904



GOD LOVETH ALL.

Into every man and nation,
God will e'er extend His hand,
Loving, under all conditions,
Those obeying His command.
Neither rich or poor are favored,
Only for their love to God,
Bearing the Master's favor,
Treading paths where He hath trod.

Those who love and will obey Him,
He will never once forsake,
But within their souls be dwelling,
Inner conscience to awake.
He will teach them life's great lessons,
That will bring peace into the heart,
And the happiness of spirit
Never will from them depart.

Though the home be poor and humble,
God will find a dwelling there,
And is filled with earnest prayer,
Making Him to come, be with them,
And to teach them what is right,
He will quickly hasten thither,
Shedding round about His light.

Everywhere He's loved and needed,
He will always quickly go,
Comfort give to those who seek Him,
Love and mercy He will show.
And more room the humble hearts have,
In which the God of love receive,
With less pride and vain ambition,
Will they cause His heart to grieve.

Oh, the blessed, blessed promise,
That He never will forsake,
And if we will love and trust Him,
Care of us He'll always take,
Then why should we wander from Him
Into worldly ways of sin,
That we must, ere reaching Heaven,
Have a change of heart begin?

—Miss Martha S. Lippincott, in N. Y. Observer.

WHAT TORERE DID.

How the Death of a Little New Zealand Girl Brought a Savage Tribe to Christ.

In the early days of the evangelization of New Zealand there lived in Waikato a girl named Torere. Though only eight years old, she learned to read and to love a copy of St. John's gospel in Maori, which she always begged to be allowed to carry with her. She was the daughter of a chief named Ngakuku, who had become converted through the efforts of a missionary. Torere used regularly to read aloud from her gospel in her father's tent.

When the tribe became Christians they decided to take the good news to some of their friends in another part of New Zealand; and for this purpose Ngakuku organized a party of 15, the little mission band including Torere and her small brother. While halting for the first night, the smoke of their fires was seen by an unfriendly tribe on the warpath, who bore down upon them. Ngakuku, carrying his little son on his shoulder, fled up the hill with the others of his company. In the darkness and confusion, however, Torere was forgotten; she lay asleep with her gospel under her head. When the war party found that the others had escaped, they spent their fury on the little girl, who woke no more on earth. They carried off the small volume with the rest of the spoil. Some of its leaves were used for cartridge paper, but the greater part of the book eventually fell into the hands of a young Maori, who read it, and was so impressed by it that he ultimately became a Christian. Eventually that whole tribe became converted.

When the chief of the tribe, Torere's murderer, realized the sin he had been committing in taking the lives of his fellow creatures, among others the little girl, he sent to his former enemy, Ngakuku, begging his forgiveness, and also asking permission to enter a chapel—not the chapel Ngakuku attended, but one in his own village. Without that man's good will he felt he could not enter any Christian place of worship. And we are told, says F. Kiekmann, in S. S. Times, that the two men who at one time were at the fiercest enmity subsequently "were worshipping God together in the same place." Such were the far-reaching results of a gospel in the hands of a Maori child.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Pietism is not a pain in the stomach.

—Ram's Horn.

You cannot begin anything, you never did. Origination, genesis, is God.—Campbell Morgan.

When a man thinks he is the whole church he is apt to ignore the Head of the Church.—Ram's Horn.

Contentment is sunlight, discontentment is starlight, malcontentment is night.—United Presbyterian.

A man does not have to go to Heaven by freight simply because he cannot express himself in meeting.—Ram's Horn.

When the Christian rises above such small details as telling the truth and dealing honestly God is going to let him drop hard.—Ram's Horn.

No one need go down to eternal death who is able to turn round and go the other way; for the other way leads to eternal life.—United Presbyterian.

ephemeral as the snow out of which they are formed. The sun shines upon them and the soft south winds blow, and they are gone forever, only a little heap of rubbish—the silt of all their garnerings—remains.—United Presbyterian.

SECRET OF JOYFUL LIVING.

Sin is the Discordant Note in a World of Gladness and Beauty—Heaven Is Near.

In a crowd of people, even among the most cultured, there are few faces that express joy, says H. M. McCluskey, in Christian Work. Care and weariness, restlessness, and unattracted ambition are unmistakably visible, and often when outward conditions seem the most favorable, the joyful life finds no expression; for it is an unknown experience. Yet all nature is full of gladness; a wonderfully beautiful world has been prepared for man's habitation. Why does he not rejoice in his possessions? He is out of harmony, sin is the discordant note; but when by repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ he is at one with God, the discord resolves itself into the sweet, rich chord of love. Then there follows the triumphant obligation of joy. The accompaniment is not always perfectly harmonious, but the song goes on uninterrupted to the close. Is that true? The Psalmist says: "In Thy presence is fullness of joy." The Lord's presence is continually about us, believers willingly concede the fact. Why then is there not more joy? The life is based on a lower plane, instead of shaping it "according to the pattern that was showed in the Mount."

The belief of the heart is not worked out in the life. There are many lovable Christians whose faith never falters when the heavier sorrows come, but do not see or recognize their Lord in the daily routine, either by seeking Him for hourly needs, or thanking Him for ever-present, numberless blessings. Christ gave the secret of joy when He said, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." It is a constant interchange of interests between the Father and His child. Because He is infinitely great and powerful, He is no less the loving, compassionate One. A friend said to me: "Do you ask Him about such little things?" as though it were irrelevant to speak to Him about the trivial but absolutely essential details of daily living. "For though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly;" that fact alone should fill us with joy.

Study to live as in His presence; let all the surroundings as far as possible be in accord with a royal guest and loving friend. What a transformation there would be in most homes and lives if all pertaining to them were consciously given over to Him to arrange; we executing as under His immediate supervision, without fear, fretfulness or anxiety. There could be but one result, a full, abounding joy. Would it not be worth while to make the effort? It can only be attained by patient, persistent endeavor; beginning with the first moment in the morning, praying hourly to be kept consciously in the presence of Jesus our Lord. In such a life Heaven does not seem so far away and that home is a part of Christ's established kingdom.

WAYS OF FRIENDSHIP.

The Reciprocal Relationship of Life Which Is a Blessing and a Benediction.

Once know for a certainty that your friendship is firmly established, and what would you not do for a friend? Yet, at the same time, I doubt if any supreme friendship can rest in simply one knowing. It is entitled ever and again to the joys of reassurance, for only by many infallible proofs does it come to its finest flower. Not that much is needed, so true is it, as some one once said to Stevenson, that "the spirit of delight comes often on small things." A word, a look, a tone . . .

Just the merest intimation that your friend is stanch and true and mindful and you go on your way rejoicing. Indeed there are signal causes for rejoicing all along the line, since if it may not be one joy, it may be another. Friendship is so preeminently a matter of the spirit that it can take a world of pleasure in simply "living over," and yet it is enough of a philosopher to subsist on very little if it must, but only if it must. He who deliberately or thoughtlessly starves a friendship deserves to lose his friend. As for distance, it is powerless over it. You can be consciously near a friend though an ocean roll between you, and often with a certain insistent conviction that you are in the mind of your friend.

Another witness to the fact that "the spirit of delight comes often on small things" is, that one can take such satisfaction in merely looking forward. "He that has something afoot need never be weary" runs the Scotch proverb; and though in friendship the something "afoot" be ever so little, it will suffice to lead the spirit joyously on. One can fare through a round of commonplace days, rising with indomitable cheerfulness above a world of petty anxieties and worries, if one knows that the future has a few supreme hours or even moments in its keeping. And then what serenity characterizes these established friendships! When you and your friend meet, there need be no eagerness as to what you have to tell or to hear. The benediction of a "God bless and keep you!" finding complete expression in a single earnest glance may suffice.

But when one tries to write of all the joys and inspirations, they seem to go out in a long, illumined vista, says Ruth Ogden, in Friendship. And it is because this is true, because of this never-failing power to cheer, inspire and comfort, that any friendship is lifted from the ranks of the ordinary to the ranks of the supreme.

The Cashier.
Bank Examiner—Where is the cashier? Gone to take a rest?
President—No, he's gone to avoid arrest.—Boston Globe.

Fun For Fun Lovers.

Always at Variance.

"The weather hereabouts," said the stranger, "frequently disagrees with me."

"Oh, there's a man living in this town who is worse off than you. The weather never agrees with him."
"What's the matter with him?"
"He's the local weather forecaster."
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

They All Say It.

Towne—My wife saw the new minister for the first time yesterday.
Brown—Oh Rev. Mr. Hoamley. What she have to say about him?
Towne—What every good woman says about a minister, no matter how ugly he may be: "He has a good face."
—Philadelphia Press.

Both Sides of It.
When a man gives ear to gossip, He, with a smiling face Is sure to make remarks about The woman in the case. But he always overlooks the fact That, since the world began, There's been no woman in the case In which there was no man.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NOTHING SERIOUS.



"I tell you that girl is dying for me."
"Humph! I haven't seen the family doctor at her house lately."
—Chicago American.

The Revised Version.
Young Mrs. Hubbard Went to the cupboard To get her pug dog some fromage de brie; But none she found there— Her husband—the bear! Had eaten it all with his dinner, you see.
—Puck.

Just So.
Little Clarence—Pa, why do they call the end of a college student's school life the commencement?
Mr. Callipers—Oh, because that is when the matter-of-fact old world commences to take the conceit out of him.
—Puck.

Sense of Danger.
"So you have quit eating patent food?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Higgins. "You know they advertise to make brain, and I'm afraid I'll get to be a regular genius, and have to wait for posterity to appreciate me."
—Washington Star.

Safety Appliance.
Husband—Why did you want a speaking tube from the dining-room to the kitchen?
The Wife—So I can give the cook orders without having her throw dishes at me.—Chicago Daily News.

Silenced Again.
"Have a care, madam," said Mr. Meeker, summoning up a little spunk. "The worm will turn!"
"Did you ever know the worm to hurt anybody when it turned?" calmly asked his wife.—Chicago Tribune.

Easily Reconcilable.
"Stoneychap is such a devout Baptist. I don't see how he reconciles what he hears Sunday with what the Standby Oil Company does Monday."
"That is easy. Oil and water don't mix."
—Brooklyn Life.

Cause and Effect.
First Man—Since I built my house here the value of property in the neighborhood has greatly depreciated.
Second Man—Of course; I don't wonder at it—that is, I mean—Good-morning.—Tit-Bits.

She Had Her Way.
"I thought Henpeck's doctor said he would have to stop smoking or it would kill him?"
"He did; but you know his wife is saving cigar-coupons to buy a piano."
—Judge.

Big as That?
Miss Wabash—We girls in Chicago often have our toes stepped on out in the suburbs.
Miss Gotham—Gracious! Do they reach 'way out there?—Yonkers Statesman.

Change in Relationship.
Harris—Was that your sister I saw with you yesterday afternoon?
Barlow—She wasn't when you saw us. It was later in the evening when she became my sister.—Boston Transcript.

Postal Inefficiency.
"There is only one commodity in the United States that cannot be had on the installment plan."
"What is that?"
"Postage stamps."
—N. Y. Times.

Question of Degree.
Wagner—It is proper to say "drunk," or "drunk?"
Jagger—It depends altogether on how far gone you are.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Quite Up-to-Date.
Brown—Mrs. De Smythe seems to be extremely up-to-date.
Jones—Yes; they say her husband is one of the latest things out.—Town Topics.

Very Progressive.
Tourist—So Squire Mossback is considered your most progressive citizen?

The Way of It.
"You say that stout chap in the opposite box owes his fortune to politics?"
"Well, yes; he got so awfully defeated the first time he ran for office that he stuck strictly to business ever since."
—Puck.

Stuck Up.
Grayce—What makes Madge so stuck up?
Eddythe—Oh, hadn't you heard? There's a glue firm using her photograph as an advertisement.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Some Trouble.
"And did you have any trouble naming your first child, Pat?"
"Sure, ma'am; there wasn't a man went home from that christening without a black eye!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Hopes for Improvement.
She—Do you hear Matilda singing at her work?
He—Yes; and I hope to gracious she'll do the work better than she does the singing.—Yonkers Statesman.

Writers of Fiction.
Patience—You say her husband is a writer?
Patrice—Yes, he's a writer of fiction.
"Oh, well, all husbands are that!"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Quaker Bank.
"I can give you a position in my bank, but you will have to wait for promotion until somebody dies or resigns."
"Don't you ever have any defaulters?"—Town Topics.

Her Reason.
"I never thought she loved him."
"She didn't."
"Then why did she marry him?"
"She had a grudge against him."
—Chicago Post.

Killing Fumes.
Mrs. Myles—Do you allow your husband to smoke in the conservatory?
Mrs. Styles—Oh, yes; the fumes from his cigar kills the bugs.
"I should think the fumes from the kind of cigars that he smokes would kill the plants."
—Yonkers Statesman.

Honesty.
"By the way! I didn't leave my money in my other clothes, because this is the only suit I own, and I haven't a check which I can't get cashed until to-morrow, so you might lend me a dollar until the week after next."
—Brooklyn Life.

A Dilemma.
"I happened to get into a poker game at the club last night with my best girl's father."
"Did you win or lose?"
"Both, I'm afraid. I won from him, but I'm afraid that'll lose me the girl."
—Philadelphia Press.

Too Practical.
"Why did she resign from the Common Sense society?"
"Because they left the realm of theoretical reform and began to talk about using common sense in the matter of their own clothing."
—Chicago Post.

Spiteful Cat.
The Plain Girl—Oh, I should so like to be beautiful.
The Beautiful Girl—Why, dear?
The Plain Girl—Because, if you're beautiful, you don't need to be clever nor good-tempered.—Ally Sloper.

Danger Avoided.
Daughter—Is it really bad form to go shopping without a chaperon?
Mrs. De Style—Excessively. Young ladies who shop without a chaperon are always sure to forget themselves and buy things.—N. Y. Weekly.

QUITE UP TO DATE.



Hix—My tailor has just invented buttonless trousers.
Dix—Tut! tut! I've been wearing them ever since my wife joined that literary club.—Chicago Journal.

Petit Larceny.
The man who cannot take a joke
To be a bore has grown;
But worse is he who takes your joke
And tells it as his own.
—Town and Country.

Where He Stole First.
Mrs. Bacon—Do they teach the boys to steal at college, John?
Mr. Bacon—What on earth are you talking about?
"Why, I heard Bob say that it was at college where he learned to steal first."
"Well he was talking baseball."
—Yonkers Statesman.

Drew the Crowd.
Missionary (Gulchville)—Dear! dear! It's too bad. I am told there has just been a lynching.
Deacon Hairtringer—Yass, parson; you said you wished we could have a big crowd here to the openin' of the religious revival, and I told you I'd bring 'em. They're all here.—N. Y. Weekly.

Rate of a Jewel.
Wife—I discharged the cook to-day.
Husband—Why, I thought you said not long ago that she was a perfect jewel.
Wife—Yes, but jewels, you know, are more ornamental than useful.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cheering Him Up.
Cholly—I can't live without your daughter.
Mr. Gotrox—Oh, yes you can. Work never killed anybody yet.—Puck.

Impossible.
"She's of a very old family, is she not?"
"My dear! She's too rich!"—Brooklyn Life.

Native—Progressive. He's more'n that! Why, the old cuss has had his chicken house whitewashed twice in their last ten years.—Chicago American.

Why She Objected.
"I suppose, my dear," said old Mon-eybags, "that you object to my using tobacco because it is a poison."
"Yes," replied his young wife; "because it is—er—such a slow poison."
—Chicago Daily News.

His Vocation.
"What does Windem do?"
"He's a safe blower."
"Eh?"
"Always telling tall stories about himself that nobody can show are not true."
—Puck.

His Only Use.
"I wonder if he's really of any use in the world," remarked the girl in blue.
"Oh, yes," replied the practical girl in gray. "He can be used to make other men jealous."
—Chicago Post.

The Hand of Time.
Mother—Why, my dear, what's the matter?
Daughter (tearfully)—I am losing my beauty.
"Nonsense!"
"Oh, it's true. I went to Bargain & Co.'s to price goods, and the clerk who waited on me began to look tired before I'd been there an hour—hoo, hoo, hoo!"
—N. Y. Weekly.

Commendation.
"Do you consider Buskin a great actor?"
"No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes.
"He speaks very admirably of your performance."
"Buskin is not a good actor, but he is a remarkably fine critic."
—Washington Star.

His Only Chance.
"Isn't it ridiculous," remarked Slinnick, "how some fellows get the habit of talking to themselves?"
"Oh, I don't know; that habit might do you some good," replied Minnick. "You'd stand a chance of hearing something good about yourself occasionally."
—Philadelphia Press.

Handicapped.
"In order to enjoy a good night's rest," said the physician, "you should lie on the right side only. It is positively injurious to lie on both sides."
"But how can I help it, doctor?" rejoined the patient. "You seem to have overlooked the fact that I am a lawyer."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Strongly Recommended.
Lady (engaging a page boy)—Well, how soon can you come?
Page (readily)—At once, mum.
Lady—But, surely your present mistress won't like that!
Page (brightly)—Oh, yes, she will, mum. She'll be only too glad to get rid of me!—London Punch.

Not Proude.
Man (who has gone in to order some false teeth as advertised)—I should like to have a set like that.
Dentist—I am afraid you can't have those; they cost more money.
Man—Humph; it does seem hard that a fellow mayn't pick his own teeth.—Ally Sloper.

A Deep Problem.
"Mildred, what brings that young man to the house so often?"
"Well, his mother's stepfather married a second cousin of father's great-aunt. We're trying to figure out what relation that makes him to me, and that can't be done in one evening."
—Tit-Bits.

Club Finances.
"But," expostulated Jones, "if you'd only pay me what you owe me I could pay Smith what I owe him."
"I know it," said Robinson. "But Smith wouldn't pay me what he owes me. You and I would merely impoverish ourselves to enrich Smith."
—Town Topics.

Jumping at the Conclusions.
"Hello, old man! You don't look as well as when I saw you last."
"No, I haven't been getting much sleep the past few nights."
"Well, well. When did it happen? Why, I didn't even know you were married."
—Philadelphia Press.

MATTER OF OPINION.

"Say, waiter, how do you pronounce C-a-m-e-m-b-e-r-l-e cheese?"
"It is largely a personal matter, sir. A gentleman who was in here last night pronounced it the worst he ever saw."
—Chicago Tribune.

Says the Young Father.
Is sleeplessness contagious? Why, there's no disease to match it! Whenever baby gets it, I Am always sure to catch it.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Parson's Poor Pay.
Hewitt—Do you believe in this theory that marriage prolongs life?
Jewett—Sure; I've known a number of ministers who would have starved to death if it hadn't been for wedding fees.
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